

HUNTED ACROSS SEAS.

MAX AND HIS WIFE SOUGHT FOR ALLEGED MURDERS IN BERLIN.

Joseph and Anna Goency Wanted for the Murder of Two Women—Choked to Death and Buried in Cellar of Their Home.

The police of America have been instructed to keep a lookout for Joseph Goency and his wife, who are wanted in Berlin, Germany, on a charge of killing two persons there. The persons killed were Mrs. Augusta Schultze, 71 years of age, a wealthy widow, and her daughter, aged 51. They lived in an old house in Koenigsstrasse, Berlin. The lower floor of the house was let out in stories.

The New York World, in a description of the crime, said: Mother and daughter were looked upon as eccentric. They never allowed visitors in their rooms and never made calls on their neighbors. They kept no servants. They would not trust the banks, and it was common report that they kept their fortune hidden in their apartments. It was estimated at 12,000,000 marks and was said to be all in cash and bonds.

The police were notified in the latter part of August that something was wrong at the Schultze apartments. Their neighbors had neither seen nor heard aught of the two women for several days. A search of the premises was made. The furniture and carpets were found thrown about in disorder and every drawer and cabinet in the place had been pried open and ransacked. Women's apparel was scattered everywhere, but no trace of the women could be found.

The police learned that Joseph Goency, who had been foreman in a Berlin shoe factory, had rented a store in the house about the time the women disappeared, and that he had notified the other tenants that he was the new administrator of the premises. He had told them that his wife was a relative of Mrs. Schultze and her daughter, and that he was going to live in their apartments while they spent a few months in traveling.

Goency had two wagonloads of sand dumped in his cellar window two days after he took charge of the house. He said he wanted to pack wine bottles in. Then he disappeared.

The police searched the cellar, and buried beneath the sand found the bodies of the missing women. An autopsy showed that the women had been strangled by running nooses tightened about their throats. No trace has yet been found of the wealth they were known to possess.

Goency married his present wife in Budapest in 1890. He had many affairs with women and was living in Berlin with Martha Raffalsky before his wife joined him there. Martha remained after the arrival of Mrs. Goency and passed as her stepdaughter.

A Mrs. Nicolaus, a well-to-do widow, with whom Goency lived for a time in Berlin, disappeared about nine months ago. The police now think she was murdered.

DISEASE OF THEFT.

Remarkable Career of Tom Green, a Man Who Can't Help Stealing.

A very remarkable character has developed in the criminal annals of Fulton county, Ga. He is of the order of kleptomaniacs, but differs from these queer freaks of dishonesty in that he pilfers, knowing that it is wrong, and steals just for the love of getting that which is not his own. It is an abnormal state of consciousness, a depraved and degenerate application of the "mine and thine" theory of human existence.

The man is Tom Green, and he has a strange history, in which changing police officers, detectives and insane asylums are intermixed in a medley which would do full justice to a plot for a wild West B-cent novel.

When a mere boy, Tom began to steal, or rather "take" things which did not belong to him.

Finally his stealing brought him into the courts of justice and he was arrested and convicted. Superintendent O'Connell became sorry for the fellow and stated to the authorities that he believed the boy's mind was diseased and that, perhaps, medical treatment might work his reform.

Green was sent to the asylum at Milledgeville and he remained there until last July. When he returned to Atlanta he secured work, laying Belgian blocks on the

streets, and made \$8 or \$9 a week. He bought good clothes, and appeared to have entirely recovered from his old desire to take what did not belong to him.

Wednesday morning last he went to Grant park. He had a day's holiday, and thought a few hours in the park would do him good. At the park he visited the zoo, where he was seen by Bicycle Officer McCurdy and Superintendent O'Connell, passing out of the zoo Green glanced into a small room where the workmen at the park keep their tools. He saw a black coat hanging upon a nail.

He looked around and finding that no one was near to see him, he took the coat and in a few minutes he had swapped his light coat for the black one which his heart coveted.

The owner of the black coat, Wylie Brooklyn, a negro workman, went to the room to get his coat out of his pocket. He knew that the days of hobnobbing with people who could turn people into rats had passed away, and he was dumfounded when he saw the light coat hanging on the nail. The "presto, change" business was reported to the bicycle officer and soon had Tom Green in custody. In the police court the whole story of the swap of coats and the stealing of the black coat of the negro's coat, for I can show you a trunk full of good clothes at home which belongs to him.

"I know I am done wrong when I take things which do not belong to me," Green said, "and I am aware that I have no use for the things I steal. But I just can't help it. When I see the coat of a man and there is no danger of detection I can no more resist than the drunkard can drinking whisky when he has no reason to show you that I don't mean to steal I often give back what I have taken. Now, I did not want the negro's coat, for the one left in its place was the better coat

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A TERRIBLE HEREDITY.

The Remarkable Criminal Record of the Descendants of a Dissolute German Woman.

A special study of hereditary drunkenness has been made by Professor Pellmann of Bonn university, Germany. His method was to take certain individual cases, a generation or two back. He thus traced the careers of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren in all parts of the present German empire until he was able to present tabular biographies of the hundreds descended from some original drunkard. Notable among the persons described by Professor Pellmann is Frau Ada Jurke, who was born in 1740, and was a drunkard, a thief and a tramp for the last forty years of her life, which ended in 1800. Her descendants numbered 84, of whom 78 were traced in local records from youth to death. One hundred and six of the 78 were born out of wedlock. There were 14 beggars and sixty-two more who lived from charity. Of the women, 91 led dissolute lives. There were in this family sixty-six convicts, seven of whom were sentenced for murder. In a period of some seventy-five years this one family rolled up a bill of costs in almshouses, prisons and correctional institutions, which ran to at least \$600,000 marks, or about \$1,250,000.

Cost a Barrel of Apples.

From the Rockville (Conn.) Journal.

A Stafford Springs man will probably use discretion hereafter in distributing compliments. He had been collecting rents among the Italian tenements and at one house he commented to the housewife on her baby, in a joking way he told the woman he would give her a rooster for the baby. She did not seem to be impressed with the offer, but a few days' deliberation and probable consultation with her husband and another effect, for on the following Sunday she appeared at the man's house and offered the baby, at the same time demanding the rooster. It required a great amount of argument and explanation to convince the woman that there was no market for her child, even at such reasonable price, and she could not be persuaded to take it home again until she had been promised a barrel of apples.

That Troublesome Rib.

From the Chicago Record.

"Lisgert, probably sympathizes with Adam."

"For what reason?"

"Well, you know it was a bone that got Adam into all his trouble."

capable always of sending a Celestial to Wallah.

Chang Chi Tung, who, next to Li Hung Chang, is considered the most progressive of China's ruling great men, sent for Mr. Brill, Chang is viceroy of Hu Kwang, Central China. He has 473 persons to every square mile of his district, and he thinks they do not get as much out of the soil as he should.

Chang had heard of President Sherman of Cornell university and the school of agriculture there. So he got Sidney C. Partridge, Yale, rector of the Boone school in Wuchang, a foreign mission of the Epis-

copal church, to write to President Sherman, telling him that he wanted a smart young American to come over and give his farmers some information.

Mr. Brill is taking along only a few seeds, some books, a chemical outfit, a typewriter and a camera. He purposes importing his hoes, plows, hayforks, harrows, drills, clover, hullers, threshing machines and churns.

Mr. Brill doesn't know what he will do for power. He will need something to pull the plows. They have no horses in Central China, and Mr. Brill may have to harness a lot of Chinamen.

INFLUENCED THE VERDICT.

The Prisoner's Choice of Counsel Influenced a Guilty Conclusion.

From the Washington Star.

How time brings reverses was shown not so very long ago by the experience of a successful lawyer of this city with a man who, in spite of a rather limited education, has by thrift accumulated some property. The property owner became involved in litigation and he applied for legal advice. He made no inquiries as to cost, and when the charges were announced he was pained and astonished. He made no protest, however, beyond declaring that the next time he wanted any law he would try to hold out until there was a slump in the market, instead of buying at the top.

Some months after the lawyer had a criminal case before a jury which included this same property holder. To the surprise of everybody who had followed the evidence the prisoner was convicted.

Not very long after the two men met, and the lawyer took occasion to enlighten himself.

"I have never yet been able to understand," he said, "why the jury upon which you served convicted my man."

"Well," was the reply, "I dunno as we would of convicted him if it hadn't been for you."

"You don't mean to say that you allowed any personal prejudices to influence you?"

"No, sir. There wasn't no prejudice. We just took the case and reasoned it out."

"But my argument must have explained very clearly what was expected of you."

"There's no question about your putting up a mighty strong talk. But it leaked out in the evidence that he had been mixed up with the law before."

"But there was scarcely any evidence against him in this case."

"That's so, too. There wasn't much evidence. But, as I said before, me and the rest of the jury put our heads together and reasoned it out. His conduct indicated a

TO TEACH CHINESE TO FARM.

A New York Man Going to China on That Mission—The Celestial to Be Taught How to Plow.

G. D. Brill, of Poughkeepsie, Dutchess county, N. Y., is on his way to China to teach the Orientals how to grow potatoes, corn and wheat; how to milk cows, what to do for hens when they refuse to lay, and how to preserve the juice of the apple so it neither will be too sweet nor too sour, and

FOR A BUREAU OF HEREDITY.

Novel Petition to Be Sent to the President in an Effort to Elevate the Standard of Man.

Twenty-five women, properly affected by the solemnity of the occasion, filed up to sign the petition presented for their consideration at the New Amsterdam hotel, New York, the other afternoon.

"This," said Mrs. E. C. Claffin in explanation, "is to beg President McKinley to establish a bureau of heredity. We all know the evils resulting from the transmission of disease or criminal tendency. Pre-natal influence cannot be too strongly dwelt upon."

Mrs. Claffin is a member of the Ralston Club for the culture of the unborn and chairman of the Circle of Heredity. She spoke with authority.

"Mrs. John Vance Cheney has taken this petition to Chicago and Mrs. Ole Bull will present it in Boston," she continued. "We desire the signatures of women of advanced thought all over the country." And all those present signed.

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gully conscience. He must have felt at the start that he was in a mighty tight place, or he wouldn't have showed such a disregard of expense as to hire you for his lawyer."

A GOD FOR SALE.

It Came From Benin Along With Many Other Curious Things.

All sorts of gods and goddesses from Benin are in London—they were recently brought over and auctioned off. Leopards in metal, with curious work suggestive of primitive Dumasene manipulation, or two idols also in metal, a bell used to warn the common herd that the king was in the neighborhood and it behooved all men to abase themselves before a such are the relics that were sold, and, in addition thereto, three or four rooms full of engravings and a Native God of Benin, all over with skill and uniformity.

Just the Right Place.

From the Chicago Post.

A covered mission wagon was driven along Washington street late yesterday afternoon.

In addition to the driver it contained a woman and two children.

Extending from end to end of the black top was a big sign, which read as follows:

SINNERS REPENT.

Everybody on the street turned to look after it.

It stopped in front of the city hall. Everybody on the street laughed.

Teachings of Science.

From the Chicago Record.

Scientists say the yellow fever microbe gets into the system through the respiratory organs.

"Is that so? Well, are the people who escape it too lazy to breathe?"

Overdressed Rich.

Count Tolstol, the great Russian novelist, contributes to the London Chronicle passages from his diary under the caption of "The Demands of Love." He vividly pictures cleanly educated people living voluntarily in a Russian village with the idea of helping the peasantry under the idea that all men are equals before God in the right to life and all that life can give. He says: "One would think that no kind of life could be better, but nevertheless, this life will be purgatory or will become purgatory if these people are not hypocrites and do not lie—i. e., if they are really sincere."

In a graphic description of the filth and squalor of a Russian village he leads up to the assertion that its equality is based on force and that only by the destruction thereof is betterment possible. He shows the uselessness of the revolutionary remedy of violence, which, he says, is only opposing the old violence by new. He concludes:

"Dreadful and difficult as is the position of a man living a Christian life amidst a life of violence, he has no path but that of struggle and the struggle must be without end. One must realize the gulf that separates the civilized millions from the over-fed, over-dressed rich, and to fill up this gulf we need sacrifices and not the hypocrisy with which we now try to hide from ourselves the depth of the gulf. A man may lack strength to throw himself into the gulf, but it cannot be escaped by any one who seeks after life. We may be unwilling to go into it, but let us be honest and say so, and not deceive ourselves with hypocritical pretenses."

"Black bread and want seem so terrible, but the bottom of the pit of want is not so deep after all, and we are often like the boy who clung by his hand in terror all night to the edge of a well into which he had stumbled, fearing the depth and the water he supposed was there, while a foot below him was the bottom. Yet we must not trust to that bottom. We must go forward prepared to die. Only that love is true love which knows no limit to sacrifice, even unto death."

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